

# THE LADIES' PEARL.

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*From the Parterre.*

## THE SHEIK'S REVENGE.

—  
AN EASTERN TALE.

The palace of Kishen Kower, Sheik of Istamboul, was one of the loveliest spots in Asia Minor. Overlooking the most enchanting gardens in the world, where green bowers impervious to the heat of the noontide sun, preserved fresh and unwithered the bloom of flowers the fairest that ever perfumed the eastern air, rose the Zenaud, or summer residence of the powerful chief, and surrounded as it was, on all sides, by the lofty range of mountains extending to the sea, which raised high the peaks of their topmost hills, as if proud of the place they cherished, seemed as 'twere a fair and dazzling gem, set in a rough casket; the sides of the hills

were robed with waving forests of the deepest brown, in the thickets and recesses of which, the sprightly antelope skipped along, and the bright-eyed gazelle made its bed; in the shady groves beyond those hills was another, and loftier range, gradually lessening till the shade of blue was at last so faint as to be lost in the convexity of the heavenly vault.

The light breeze sighed gently, through the bowers of the gardens, and as the wind bent the foliage it displayed the fairy scenery; built on a small island, rising from the brink of the clear sheet of water, with its white marble domes and turrets, it looked at first like some magic city—around were smiling vistas of acacia, amarynth, and delicious musk rose, long avenues of citron, bright golden orange, and drooping vine; having

passed the portico, was a beautiful colonnade, the pillars of which were jasper, enriched with pale amethyst; at the end of its long corridor, rose, like a majestic swan from its liquid element, the light dome, raised high into the bright sky above, its fantastic cupolas glittering in all the gorgeous architecture of the East; a carved trellis or lattice work of ivory, ran round the hall, and through its interstices the bright perfumed creepers were suffered to entwine;—here grew in a manner unknown to Europeans, the oleander and the clematis, flinging from end to end, their silvery buds, and wooing to their thick cover, the humming birds, the plumage of which, when glistening in the sunshine, is too dazzling for the eye to behold; and the lilac doves, with their mournful notes, were a solemn accompaniment to the soul-entrancing bulbul. The floor of this fairy dwelling was paved in Mosaic work, spreading like a richly variegated carpet to the gilded pedestals of twenty pillars of yellow marble, supporting the dome; their capitals were silver, beaten into lotus flowers, and as they wound into each other, formed a wreath of foliage round the dome; eighty marble steps led to the garden beneath, from the peculiar lulling sound of the ever falling waters, called the 'Abode of Sleep.'

The Sheik's family consisted of himself, as numerous a retinue of wives as was consistent with the dignity of his title, a son and daughter. He was a man past the prime of life, and habituated to command; his demeanor, though calm, was stern and decisive; he was a warrior used to fields of strife—at peace when let alone, but one who in his anger was a lion. At the sound of his *saukh*\* two hundred warriors were at his command, and the neighboring chiefs came to the decision that the lord of Istamboul was a far safer friend than foe; he therefore was considered as the chief of the entire province, and he who dare murmur against one who was so universally revered, soon had reason to repent of his temerity.

Yet o'er his rough mind, the influence of the mild climate was not unfelt; he felt gratified that his abode stood unrivalled; at times he was

A lover of music, and of scenes sublime,  
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed

Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,  
Bedewed his spirit in their calmer hours.

*Byron.*

The son was much the counterpart of the sire, taking into account the difference of years; the excitements of the chase, and shooting parties, were all that interested him: 'tis true he would listen to Leila's song, when reclining on a couch, tired with the fatigues of the day, but not one tender sentiment it contained found its way into his bosom. Whatever was of tenderness reposed in the daughter; her fair brow was finely contrasted with her dark hair, which fell in long, luxuriant tresses over her graceful neck; her fairy feet, entwined in gems, flashed when she moved; the flush of innocence spread its crimson bloom over her cheeks, and gave life and expression to her lovely countenance—her hazel eyes beamed from beneath their pencilled brows, with the pride of a Sheik's daughter. All of love that remained in the father's breast unsubdued by the ruthless acts he daily executed, was lavished on that fair girl; she it was who fed the remaining spark, and kept alive the flickering fire of humanity; and many a released captive, and pardoned slave, blest from his heart theauteous Leila. She, in return, loved her parent with all the tender affection of a heart formed to love him and her brother, for she knew none else; her antelope, gazelle, she loved, for they loved her, and were her chief companions.

It is night, but such a delicious, quiet, bright one, that 't would seem as if the sun had not yet hid his beams, but still lingered behind the shade of some envious cloud: had not the young moon shone forth the ethereal beauty of her crescent brow, too manifest to be mistaken, light and shade were so blended as to resemble the day of northern climes; the tremulous and silvery beams melt on the domes and pinnacles, and the flowers relieved from the oppressive heat of the day, wear other beauty—lay aside their gorgeous tints, and look all pale and lovely. Leila, the fair mistress of the scene, looks o'er the fair expanse of waters trembling in the moonshine, till the voice of her brother claims her attention.

'Ha! Hassan,' she playfully said, 'are you come to watch the shining moon light up the glossy surface of the lake, while the breeze wafts the sweetest perfume, and the air re-echoes to the bulbul's song?'

\* War-shell.

'No, dear Leila: but to bid you farewell.'

'Farewell! Hassan,' she quickly uttered, as the color left her cheek, and her words faltered at the idea of this their first separation, 'what mean you?'

'I go to-morrow to the war of Iran.'

'Allah preserve my brother! Goes our father with you?' inquired Leila.

'No; I depart alone.'

That night was one of sorrow to Leila; it was the first time she had ever known anything like sorrow,—her only brother, the playmate of her infancy, the companion of her childhood, was about to be taken from her,—she did not know when he would return, if ever,—the heart of Leila was troubled.

Hassan was too much taken up to attend to her, if he had been so inclined: he ransacked the \*Sillah-Khauch for swords and javelins; frightened the inhabitants of the †Rawula, by sounding a blast of the large ‡tourraye, and detained his father the whole evening, to hear an account of the campaigns he had served; so with a mind a prey to grief, poor Leila retired to the apartments in the harem allotted to her use.

That night her slumbers were broken by frightful phantasies—she thought Hassan lay wounded before her, trodden beneath the feet of the Giours, and expiring; again the dress he wore lay bloody before her, and she awoke with a scream that roused her attendant.

'What ails my princess?'

'Oh! Hinda, such a frightful dream.'

'Allah be praised, Mashallah! I feared my lady was hurt—try to sleep.' The handmaiden, in a few minutes, took her own advice. But not so Leila; she continued awake, and the more she tried to compose herself to sleep, the less was she able to do so. Day at length broke. No sooner did the earliest dawn of morning tinge the tops of the highest hills, than with a noiseless pace Leila wrapped herself in a large cloak, and stole silently to where her father and brother were taking their morning meal, previous to the departure of the latter. Hastily she threw herself at her father's feet;—both started, deeming some apparition appeared, for the pale cheeks and restless eyes of the maiden, with her airy robe, were in accordance with the idea of an aerial being. 'Save my brother from the Giours,' was all she could utter.

\* Armory. † Harem. ‡ Trumpet.

'What doth she mean?' inquired Hassan.

'I cannot tell,' replied the Sheik, 'save that you remain from the war.'

'Yes! yes! that's it,' screamed Leila; 'last night \*Azrael appeared to me, grim and terrible,—do not let him go.'

'Peace, my poor girl,' said the Sheik; 'do not terrify your brother by such idle words; are you not the daughter—and why not be the sister, of a soldier? and no one knows who Hassan may bring from the wars, for my Leila must be a soldier's bride.'

'Surely,' said Hassan, 'my sister would not have me turn coward.'

'No,' said Leila, apparently convinced of the vainness of her fears, 'I might survive your death—but your disgrace never.'

'Bravely and heroically said: trust me the mention of a suitor from the wars has banished thy fears, Leila,' said Hassan.

'Be cheshm,'† exclaimed the Sheik, 'be my eyes on it, thou hast spoken right.'

Leila was silent. The trampling of a horse's hoof now clanked on the bridge which joins the island to the main land; a sudden shadow fell on the face of Leila; a hundred bright visions of renown, and fame, were in the thoughts of the young hero—the glance of the sire bespoke pride. The moment of parting came; the war steed of Hassan, held by his groom, pawed the ground in impatience, and champed the frothing bit—the young warrior fell on the neck of his father, and received his blessing—embraced his sister—shouted Allah Achbar—God is victorious!—vaulted into the saddle, threw the spur into the fiery courser, and was on his way to the camp.

A cry, wild and long, burst from the tender Leila, but he for whom it was uttered heard it not, for dazzled by the bright sunlight which gleamed on his polished spear head, thought but of making that a meteor star, to light his companions to victory. Leila, after gazing till her eyes grew dim, on the path her brother had taken, with a deep sigh retired, to try in the discharge of her domestic duties, if she could divest her mind of the melancholy which possessed it.

In the hurry and bustle attendant on a camp, for some days Hassan thought not of his home: the novelty of his situation, surrounded on all sides by the din of

\* The Angel of Death. † Be it so.



arms, so different from the scenes in which he had been brought up, and the attention shewed him by the pacha in command, and other great men, left him no time for thinking. At length a detachment arrived near the palace of Kishen Kower, and brought intelligence that he was well—had as yet seen no fighting, but the scouts were daily expected with tidings of the Russians. The next was an account of an engagement, in which Hassan behaved so well as to have been created Khan on the field; loud rejoicings were the consequence, fires blazed from 'minaret to porch,' a thousand cheraghs\* lit up the silver wreathed dome, and all was merry as a passing bell, when suddenly the fires were quenched, the lights disappeared, terror and tumult sat on each lip, which whispered in pale affright, 'Behold the Giours!'

The evening was beautifully fine, such as existed in the imagination of the poet when he wrote:

'And when evening descended from Heaven above,

And when air was all rest, and the air was all love,

Delight though less light, was far less brief—  
As the day's veil fell on the world of sleep.'

The waters seemed a sheet of fire, so vividly did they represent the twinkling orbs that burned intensely on high; the Sheik, who was slowly pacing the colonnade, and suffering the evening breeze to fan his cheek, on looking over the balcony into the portico, was amazed to see it open, and on turning to leave the apartment, to inquire into the cause of so unusual a circumstance, was still more astonished to behold a man glide from behind each pillar—apparently for the purpose of preventing him.

'How now villains, what mummery is this?' he exclaimed—a large black cloak which covered them from head to foot was here dropped, and twenty Giours in warlike array stood ready to capture their foe. Swiftly unsheathing his ataghan, he had barely time to lay the nearest of his assailants prostrate, before he was borne down by numbers; he was forced to yield, muttering inverted blessings on the intruders; they bore him towards the portico, where to his surprise, he saw a score of his faithful guards bound and bleeding—the instant they beheld their lord approach, with renewed lamentations, in which the name of Leila was a-

lone intelligible, they renewed their cries.

'What in the name of Allah does this mean?' said the bewildered Sheik.

'It means, my chief,' replied Abdallah, 'that the villainous Giours—may Allah's curse light on them!—have taken the palace, and us, and—'

'The lady Leila, what of her?' impatiently demanded the Sheik.

'She has been carried off!'

'Slave, thou dardest not say it—you trifled with me—it cannot be so.'

'Alas my lord, it is even as thy servant saith.'

The poor chieftain, weighed down by the heavy accumulation of evils, fell to the floor in a swoon, and it was feared life had totally departed from him, such a length of time elapsed ere he was restored to his senses. At length he slowly raised himself on his feet, and staggering to the nearest soldier, asked wildly:

'Know you where my daughter is—say, I entreat you—speak one single cheering word, and my last prayer shall bless thee. Man, where is my daughter, my Leila, my child—my dearest child?'

The soldier sorrowfully shook his head as he said, 'I fear it will be some time ere you meet. Know that she is alive, and for thy sake, I hope well;—the rude nature of the soldier was melted at the sorrows of the old warrior, and a tear of pity trembled in his eyelids.

'May Allah bless thee for saying she is alive,' said the old Sheik, his fiery spirit broken by the calamities of that night; 'then I may yet see my dear lost Leila.'

On that eventful night, the fair girl had strolled into the gardens, and sat in the abode of dreams: and as she lay reclined on a bed of amaranths, and her beautiful head resting on pillows of rose leaves, her lovely figure was reflected on the water, which like a pellucid mirror, lay stretched at her feet; here absorbed in reverie, she was picturing to herself the danger her brother must be in, from those horrid Giours, when to her utmost astonishment she saw reflected in the water, a tall young man with fair flowing locks, attired in rich military uniform, apparently in the attitude of leaning over her; and his bright blue eyes rivetted with a gaze of delight on her countenance. Her first impulse was to fly, her second to scream aloud, and her third to remain quietly where she was; the handsome phantom, after remaining motionless a

\* Lamps.

few seconds, departed, and when Leila again raised her eyes, she was alone.—Hastily she arose, and was traversing her steps towards the palace, in order to tell her father what she had seen, when to her great consternation she beheld every avenue to the house locked up by men in the same garb, though less rich than that worn by the stranger she had seen; hoping to escape unnoticed, she hastily turned into one of the most thickly planted paths, but was soon overtaken and seized; she cried aloud for help, but was only laughed at; and on her making resistance, they began to bind her roughly, when the figure she had first seen, and who from the deference paid him, appeared to be the commander, came up, after sharply rebuking the soldiers for treating their fair captive so violently, committed her to the care of some who accompanied him, at the same time saying that he was under the disagreeable necessity of taking her from her native place, for some time, but as her father would be with her, he hoped the privation would not be very great, and assured her that at all times she could command his services.—We now return to the son.

Having signalized himself in every action he had fought, and won the esteem and confidence of his superior officers, as a reward he obtained the command of the detachment near his native place, and in his eagerness to behold once more the scenes amid which he had spent the unclouded morning of boyhood, set forward on the very day he was presented with the order. The sun set in beauty ere he had accomplished his journey, but the brilliant moon that arose made ample recompense; swiftly he passed over the lofty hills, which wound round his home, encircling it like a girdle, with the tread of one who was intimately acquainted with their most devious path. He now arrived at a turn of the road from whence he could behold the fair lake, and in the midst rising like a sea fowl, the fair home of his fathers. Oh! none that have not felt the same sensation, can conceive the emotion which animated the heart of Hassan, after beholding again the place of his nativity. The hours of trial and danger vanished from his mind, and he again beheld his distant home, tinged purple by the moon's pale beam;—a cry of joy burst from him, and darting his armed heels into his eager horse, he was about to pursue his rapid way, when in

the distance his practised eye beheld a body of men arrayed in military costume; in the midst the Russian banner flaunted in the breeze, and in the rear were captives. 'God of my fathers! whom have we got here?' burst from the lips of the impetuous youth; and checking the perilous descent of his steed with a tug that almost threw him on his haunches, leisurely scanned with eager eyes the scene stretched like a map beneath.

'Yes,' he cried, 'by the beard of Mahomet, yon troop are Giours, I know their ensign, and low in the midst are many captives. I'll go and reconnoiter.' He gave a shrill whistle, and his dragoman rode up. 'Do you see those sons of dogs?' he said.

'Even as the sun beholds the deeds of men,' replied the soldier.

'Back, and bid thy comrades await me at this spot—take thou my steed.'

'The words of my lord shall be obeyed.'

With agile motions Hassan Khan threw himself from his high Tartar saddle, and suddenly darting down a steep ravine, disappeared amid the brakes and bushes, from the sight of the wondering dragoman, who uttering 'Bismillah!' fell back to obey his orders.

We left the sheik, having recovered from his swoon, disconsolate at the absence of his daughter, whence he was roused by the men putting themselves in line of march; and one of them approaching, Kishan Kower said,

'The sun is already sunk in gloom; 'tis time we were away.'

'Dogs, midnight robbers,' shouted the sheik, 'would you tear me from the palace of my sires—where is my daughter?'

'Peace, foolish old man, and do not draw down the wrath of those in whose power you are,' retorted the Russian.

'May your bones wither, and your bodies be a prey to dogs and vultures. You have bereaved me of my child—do your worst now.'

'Come, come, this bravado wont do—you must move on;' and a stout man on either side, soon caused the old chief to prefer his own feet to being dragged by them. After walking for some time, the whole party stopped at a small grove of cedar, in the midst of which murmured a clear fountain, where having reposed themselves, and mounted horses which there awaited them, resumed their order.

'Come, palakir,' said one of them, ad-

dressing the Sheik, the carriage is ready, and the lady waits.'

'Lady!' said the sheik: 'what lady?'  
'Your daughter.'

'Gracious Allah,' said he, raising his hands to heaven, 'is it possible! Haste, good youth, lead on and bless mine eyes with the sight of my child.'

In the centre of the group of the soldiery was a small covered litter drawn by two small Arab horses, and inside reposed a face that once seen, could never be forgotten: it was Leila. The bloom of her cheek had departed, but at the sight of her father, her eye lit up with pleasure, and the flush that overspread her countenance, seemed as 'twere the meeting of the red and white rose; she looked like one of the *houris* of Mahomet's paradise as she flung herself into her father's arms; and she murmured, 'Father! my dear, dear father!'

'My Leila, we will part no more,' said the sheik, affectionately returning her embrace.' In an instant he was by her side, the horses moved on, and the whole party was in motion, where or whither was unknown, and almost uncared for by the Sheik and his daughter, who, happy in meeting each other, desired only that they might not again be separated.

The night was far advanced, and as its shadows gloomily fell from the precipitous cliff on either side of the road, and the moon sinking by degrees, was casting a light lingering beam through the azure sky, so very pale that it could no longer compete with the brilliancy of the myriads of twinkling stars, which had till then been obscured in its mild radiance, ere they were at length awakened to a sense that they were leaving behind the country in which they had so long and happily dwelt—the Sheik first broke silence.

'Strange,' he said, 'the route these dogs are taking us.'

'Do you know, then, where we are going?'

'In the direction of Astarbad, where our army is encamped.'

'Then may we not see Hassan?'

The Sheik shook his head: 'I fear if we do, it will be in the midst of tumult.'

'Ah! true,' said Leila, 'I forgot, we are with the enemy.'

At this moment the leader came up, and Leila recognized in the proud bearing and deep blue eye of the commandant, him who had taken such care of her.

'Beautiful daughter of Kishan Kower,' he said, 'imagine yourself with friends,

not enemies;—we are *your* captives, not you ours.'

'What says he?' interrupted the Sheik. She repeated the stranger's words.

'The dog Giour! how can he presume to think any of my race would keep peace with him.'

Leila then related, with modest blushes, her first interview, and told how the handsome leader of the Russians had provided for her accommodation the vehicle in which they travelled.

'Hah!' said the Sheik, 'he'll make us pay well for it though.'

'Indeed you wrong him,' said Leila, and blushing that she should be taking such an interest in one so peculiarly circumstanced, drew aside the blind next her, and directed her gaze on the open country, scanning with watchful eye every rock and bush, in hopes of meeting some incident to break up the monotony of the scene: almost from the very commencement, she had an indistinct idea flitting across her mind, that her brother would arrive; is it not strange that she should expect him, stationed with the head quarters of the army engaged inactive warfare, to march to the most remote fastness of the country? Not wishing to disturb the train of thoughts into which she had fallen, she rarely joined in any of her parent's anathemas against the destroyers of their family quiet; and if at any time nature sunk into a feverish slumber, she would rouse unrefreshed, as if in reproach for her inattention.

As her eyes were raised in the direction of Astarbad, she detected an antelope bounding across the hills with a certain peculiarity in its motions that led her to suspect it had seen a human being in its track, for after advancing a dozen yards, it would turn round as if snuffing the gale, then tossing up its slender head, would bound on its path with inconceivable rapidity: she continued to watch the gap whence the animal issued, and at length had her hopes confirmed by the appearance of a figure, very indistinct in the distance; in a short time, it turned back, and disappeared. The heart of Leila sank within her; a long dreary length of road was now traversed in moody silence,—where the stubborn rock is cut through, and the thickets on each side afford ample covert for wild animals, she fancied she heard breaking the tender boughs, a man's footsteps cautiously stealing through the crackling palm trees, and as she watched with ear and eye,



suddenly stood up as if to adjust her dress. At this instant, the moon emerged from the clouds, and lighted up the spot brilliant as day; a man was beneath, screened under the rocks, with upturned face, and hand ready placed on the stock of a pistol, which was stuck in his girdle.—She knew the jewelled turban which glittered on his brow; it was Hassan! A thrill of instinctive delight, which pervades our breast when we recognise those we have loved in our youth, rushed on the heart of Leila; she raised her finger to her lip to enjoin silence. 'We are prisoners,' was all she ventured to whisper; and ignorant whether her words were heard, resumed her place by her parent. Yet she sat down not with feelings of composure, from the prospect of being delivered from present bondage, for the fear that her brother might be overcome oppressed her; she reflected how much he had grown since he left; how soldier-like and noble-looking he had become; tears of pride stood in her eyes.

This first recognition had an effect upon Hassan that may well be conceived. In the first impulse, his feelings prompted him to rush on the Giours, and single handed achieve his friends' release, but on reflection, that though in bondage they were not treated with ignominy, he decided it would be the better plan to join his companions, and then to arrange matters on a plan less fraught with danger, particularly as by their straggling array, the guard seemed to suspect any thing else than an attack—so in the same manner that marked his approach, he rejoined his trusty band, who with impatience awaited the coming of their young commander, at the appointed spot.

'All is well, my friends,' he said, 'arm, and in silence follow me—we have no time for debate—none for council—the yellow Giours are at hand, nearer than you imagine—they have broken into the mansion of peace, and dragged from the nest, the timorous dove—they have sounded their saukh in the halls of the Sheik, and in the garden of the bulbul have they sounded the *hakerra*,\*—the tender maiden they have not spared, nor the old man with grey locks—my father and sister are in the power of these dogs, who shall rue the day they entered this world.'

'Hassan with difficulty prevented his troops from breaking into a loud shout at

this spirited address of their leader, but he joyed to see deep defiance gleam from each fiery eye, and stern resolution in the wave of each nervous arm.'

'Listen,' he added, 'to what I say,'—all crowded round—'I send a Spaki\* with fifty men, to attack the party in the van, while I will rescue my friends and secure the rear with as many more. Courage, my brave soldiers, we will fall on them like the swoop of a falcon from the height of our own mountains.'

Hassan Khan then called the Spaki, to whom he entrusted the command, and taking him a short distance from where the main body stood, shewed him on the distant side of a hill, the Giours marching along the road, which was streaked with flashes of light, as the trembling moonbeams shone brightly on the shifting spears and helmets.

'See you,' he said, 'yon line of soldiery?'

'Plainly, my lord.'

'Then hark ye; the moment you cease to behold me, having entered the defile, steal under cover of those rocks, and lie in ambush: when you hear my first volley, rush forth, and for Allah smite the foe—let not the sons of dogs bear off the daughters of men.'

'The words of my lord are the will of his servant,' said the Spaki, bowing slowly.

Hassan steadily ranged his band, and called aloud, 'Forward in Allah's name! the bright eyes of houris are watching the *tackdur*† of him who falls in the good fight, and prepare for him the abode of bliss—Allah Achbar!'

In a short time, Hassan posted his men in a defile to await the approach of the enemy, and never was an ambuscade better or more aptly chosen: it was a long narrow ravine, about ten yards wide; on one side was a thick underwood of briars and bushes, while that next to the road, rose bare and steep; a high ridge along the road completely screened the party from observation, and from this the whole line of the enemy were exposed to the murderous fire of Hassan's band.

Having thus securely posted his men, Hassan lay down at their head, to await the approach of the foe; the moon was now overspread by thick clouds, which almost obscured the light, save when having drifted across, they left her exposed, and thus a flash, bright yet mo-

\* Kettle drum.

\* Turkish Captain. † Destiny.

mentary, lighted the scene. Never before did our young warrior experience such indescribable sensations—all of warfare that he had hitherto seen, was in the open field, in the fair face of day; now was the dead hour of midnight, and the fear that some random ball might reach those whose welfare lay nearest his heart, oppressed him with a kind of sickness and anxiety. Every ear was on the alert, every eye strained, to catch the slightest noise or the least glimpse, and oft a beating heart felt the sickness of disappointment, when the answer *cheezi nist*\* was returned to the eager question. At length borne on the night breeze, as it came in sad and wailing gusts through the interstices of the hills, is heard the tramp of steeds.

'Be patient,' cried Hassan, 'they come! they come!'

He was at this time able to watch their advance by the light of the now brightening moon—they approaching without interruption. Keen determination shone in the eyes of the astonished party—the van are in the act of pressing the entrenchment.

'*Allah il Allah Biah conu wakt shoud*,†' shouted Hassan, as he dashed his heavy battle-axe at the commanding officer; the weapon smote, and he fell heavily at his horse's feet.

'Alla Hu! so may the enemies of my lord perish,' cried the men as they discharged a volley, the effect of which was murderous—every shot told: the terrified Russians looked in vain for a solution of this puzzle; another discharge spread a lurid blaze over the sky, and each ball brought down its victim. A body of men block up the passage in front, led on by the Spaki, who boldly charge the discomfited foe. At length the Russians roused, and fought boldly,—they disputed man to man, inch to inch; they asked not nor received quarter, and even when falling grappled with the foe. The advance of the band under Hassan, soon terminated the contest; with loud shouts they rushed on those guarding the litter, and like the angry blast of the simoon, swept the thinned ranks of Giours with ruthless brand, till all were prostrate, as if the gloomy Azrael had mowed down the band with his remorseless scythe.

\*There is nothing. †Allah, by Allah, it is his time.

'*Alham du lillah, tamen shud*,\* exclaimed Hassan, as he ran to the litter where the Sheik and Leila sat. 'Hassan—my brother,' said Leila, as he embraced her. 'My brave young hero,' said the Sheik, grasping his hands: he then got out of the carriage, and surveyed the field of strife.

It presented an awful scene of blood and carnage. Of all that band who but a few minutes before were redolent with health and vigor, all had fallen; but one remained who shewed any signs of life amid the group of stiff, gory corpses—stretched at the foot of the rock where he fell, lay the body of a tall young man; his fair hair unrestrained by his helm, which was dashed from his head, fell in glossy curls round his neck: it was the leader, who had been struck down by Hassan in the beginning of the fray, and now, by a low moaning, shewed that the wound had not killed him.

'By Allah!' cried Hassan, 'one of the dogs lives—I will exterminate the race.'

He drew a pistol from his girdle, placed the muzzle within a few feet of the insensible youth at his feet, leisurely cocked it, and was about to discharge, when his aim was disturbed by the hasty grasp of an arm laid on his upraised hand—the pistol went off, but the ball lodged in a fir tree not many yards distant. Hassan hastily turned round, and beheld his sister Leila bending over the breathing form of the prostrate soldier.

'Leila, what madness is this?' he said in wrath; 'how dare you interpose to save one of those dogs? *Barakillah*, but I will stab him as he lies,' and unsheathing his dagger, prepared to execute his threat.

A loud shriek burst from Leila, as wreathing her snowy arms round the neck of the Giour, she resolved that death alone should part her. Her father rebuked Hassan for his violence, and bade Leila rise; that he himself would be security for the safety of one in whom she took such an interest. Leila rose, and heard her father order the young Russian to be placed on the back of one of the horses; after which she retired to the litter.

The eyes of the maiden rested on the pale, bloodless face of the youth, as he hung insensible in his uneasy position, and all the tender feelings of a woman inspired her to try more for his restora-

\*Praise be to Allah, it is done.



tion. She called for her father to approach.

'I wished to see you, my father,' she said; 'but first promise not to be angry with me.'

'Why should I be angry with you, Leila?'

'For what I am about to say.'

'That will depend on what it is.'

'But a simple request, do you promise?'

'Yes.'

'Then permit the poor Russian to travel in this litter, it is much easier than on horseback.'

'Allah bless my tender hearted child,' said the Sheik, 'he certainly was the best of them. *Be cheshm.*'\*

The young man, still insensible, was borne into the litter, and laid on a cushion, the horses were turned in the direction whence they had set out, and the party returned.

The jolting of the carriage aroused the stranger from his torpid state. His first expressions were so wild and incoherent as to terrify his fair protectress.

'Mother of mercy,' he exclaimed, 'we will be trodden to death—charge, for Saint Nicholas charge—see the Moslems press on the standard—oh! cannot I get up, and strike a blow for my country?'

'Quiet thee, quiet thee, stranger,' Leila faintly said;—the Russian turned his eyes on her, and closed them as he murmured:

'Alas, I have heard of the dark Houris of Paradise, but till now I never dreamed they visited earth.'

'Sir stranger,' said Leila, as she smiled at the handsome compliment paid her, 'I must be your physician for some time, therefore cannot permit you to speak until you repose from the effects of your wound.'

'I shall obey your prescription, if you thus ordain it, most fair daughter of Galen,' said the youth, relapsing into his former state of quiet, which remained thence unbroken.

Hassan, with some of his troop, having rode on to set the house in order for their arrival, and free it from intruders, if any remained, received the party on their arrival at the bridge; the stranger under the care of Leila, was placed in a retired apartment and left to repose.

New thoughts and sensations now possessed the mind of Leila; she for the first time discovered that there is a sensation

of affection in the heart, in which nor friends nor kindred have a share—in one word, love had assailed her tender bosom, and the hidden flame glided through her veins. The very novelty was a kind of wonderment to her; she could not sleep, it was impossible; so, like a second Juliet, she wooed the moon that night, and like her, fancied she heard soft sighings in the breathing of the midnight breeze, as it rustled over the vine leaves; she felt a warm glow on her delicate cheek, as she remembered how long the young Gior had gazed on her in the garden, how he departed without disturbing her—there was a *delicacy* in that, she conceived, to save her from the surprise, if not alarm, at beholding a stranger. There was *modesty* in his saving her from the confusion that would attend such an incident; tenderness in his saving her from the rude hands of the rough soldiery; melody and language in his voice, so soft, so sweet and powerful, it haunted her ear like an echo; then he was very handsome,—his eyes brilliant, and his long fair hair (so unlike the shaven heads of her *odious* countrymen) flowed in graceful curls from his nodding helm.

With the permission, tacit, if not expressed, of the Sheik, his daughter and the stranger were constantly together.—Hassan had departed to his command, and nothing tended to disunite two souls happy in each other's affection.

It was a fair and lovely night—there are many such in eastern climes,—the wind of the south came on the air like balm, and was wooed to the flowers by their unfolding their tender leaves; the stranger rose from his couch, where he could get no rest, and stepping from the low window, made his way into the garden, to enjoy the cool air and delightful fragrance; the bulbul's entrancing note was alone heard, all the rest of the feathered songsters having retired to their nests, until day should rouse them to their matin hymns; the wind lightly raised the long festoons of vines, as they hung in folds, like loose drapery, from arch to arch; the cool air, as it played through the shady alleys and walks of the gardens, was delightfully grateful to the hot and feverish brow of the young Russian. After taking a few turns he approached that part of the building where the harem of the females was situated. Here, he thought, is the apartment of the loveliest maid in Iran; the light breeze may bear my voice to her ear if not to her heart,

\* Be it so.

and he commenced a song in Asiatic dialect, of which the following is a translation:

When the bright sun has sank  
In the western ocean,  
And the wild flow'ret's bank  
Heaves with the wind's motion;  
From my seat at the fountain,  
I'll sing thee to sleep,  
And the breeze from the mountain  
Shall cool thy soft cheek,  
My love.

The moon from the skies  
Shall yield us her light gleam,  
The stars (like thine eyes)  
Shall shed forth their bright beam;  
The thrush from the bowers  
Her wild notes shall sing thee,  
The breath of the flowers  
Sweet perfume shall bring thee,  
My love.

The mermaid from ocean  
Shall lull thee to sleep,  
With tremulous motion  
Awakening the deep;  
From the dwellings of air  
The light breeze shall blow,  
To waive midst thy dark hair  
And cool thy fair brow,  
My love.

Scarcely had the final cadences died away, when the light drapery of the window blind was for a moment withdrawn, and vivid as a snow-flake, and almost as white, a waive of a hand, which could not be mistaken, amply repaid his song; the curtain was again drawn, and he stood in silence, yet not alone, before him was Sheik Kishen Kower.

The youth gazed at the composed face of the powerful chief, with the appearance of one who expected every moment to hear his doom pronounced by those lips, and that those eyes would ere the morning sun arose, behold him a stiff and headless corse. He would have spoken, but his tongue cleaved to his palate, and, as serpents are said to allure their prey by the fascination of their eyes, he could not stir from that devoted spot.

After remaining for a few moments in mute surprise, each regarding the other with a sort of doubtful look, the old man exclaimed:

'Tis well.'

The unfortunate youth seemed to be recalled to a consciousness of existence by these words, and threw himself on his knees, as he exclaimed:

'Let all the punishment be on my head—thy daughter is innocent.'

'By Allah, you are a strange youth,' said the Sheik, 'I have promised her not to slay you, and I suppose she would not

now consent; it is easier to change the *Kublick* than some women.'

The youth immediately stood on his feet, and would have embraced the old man, but he drew back.

'*Arz mi kurnum,*' (I beg to exclaim), said the Sheik, 'I am not thy friend. I swore by the Kath-i-aum to spare thee it is true, but still I must have my revenge! I have this long time back noticed your close attendance on my daughter—you must make her your wife.'

The transported youth cast his arms around the Sheik's neck, and next day was wedded to the blushing Leila. He succeeded to the title and wealth of the Sheik, on the death of Hassan Khan, who was slain in the wars.

Such was the Sheik's revenge.

*From the American Magazine.*

### THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

BY B. FRANKLIN ROMAINE.

Fain would I talk of Nature as arrayed  
In garbs of grandeur, and of beauty too—  
Would wing me to the lamps of night, and count

Their number, and tell to man, to mortal man

Their deep, their awful mysteries, and ope  
New scenes for endless gaze. The resis-  
less soul

Anon would fly thro' boundless space,  
Would deeds perform that mortals never  
dared

And tread where angel's sacred foot ne'er  
trod.

But stop mad thoughts—beware your  
course, beware

How you thus wander in such wild, dark  
moods;

Hath not thy Maker—O! my soul, made  
thee

More wise than all created things on earth,  
And taught thee that which seraphs fain  
would learn,

The wonders of redeeming, heavenly love?  
Then bide thee now, and with the things  
which are,

Be satisfied—I mean the things reveal'd;  
And let the pathless future be its own  
Interpreter. When on thy shoreless sea,  
Eternity, I launch my shattered bark,  
To sail forever and forever. O then  
Shall immortality (the child of hope,  
Undying hope,) new form my humble bark,  
That ne'er need ask for workman's hands,  
To shut some op'ning made by jutting  
rocks,

Or mend the sails, rent by the angry wind;

For incorruption bids corruption flee ;  
And an immortal breeze shall fill the sails,  
And bear me onward with the lightning's  
speed  
From sea to sea of wonders infinite.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

# OLD ALICE'S STORY,

OR THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

'There's something in that ancient superstition,  
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.'

'Will Missi shelter me from the pend-  
ing storm? It will be an ugly one—the  
clouds come up thick and fast.'

These were the words of an aged wo-  
man, whose tight sleeves and close bon-  
net might indicate that she had seen  
more than fifty summers, to a well-known  
'benevolent lady' in a small village, and  
at the door of her own mansion, for she  
usually preferred to see those pitiable ob-  
jects who go from door to door to 'ask  
alms,' herself, to judge if they were wor-  
thy of a shelter in her abode, or 'a crown'  
from her purse, or even some articles of  
clothing from her wardrobe, for she al-  
ways gave the hungry a slice from her  
table, when solicited. Mrs Hamilton  
saw, in the pale, wrinkled face before  
her, humility, mildness and serenity,  
which are not often viewed in the coun-  
tenance of a common vagrant. They  
entered her dining hall, some plain food  
was spread before her, she took a small  
quantity; but soon all the servants en-  
tered, to be with their 'good mistress,'  
who so often told them it was the same  
God who rides on the vivid lightning, or  
speaks in the thunder's blast, as whispers  
in the gentle breeze, 'Hear ye my voice,'  
'Repent and believe on the crucified Re-  
deemer,' 'Call upon me while I may be  
found,' 'Knock, and it shall be opened,'  
and 'ye shall find rest to your souls,' for  
'lo! I am with you always.'

In a few minutes, large heavy drops  
came pattering against the windows, the  
lightning darted from the horizon to the  
zenith, the thunder rolled in broken mas-  
ses, as if struggling up the closed path

of its swift precursor, and with the effort  
shook down a torrent of rain; the boister-  
ous wind leaped forth from the 'clamber-  
ing clouds,' and swept along the sky,  
'with hasty wing' and noisy scream;  
man and brute sought refuge from its  
violence and nought was heard but its  
echo in the mansion, and a few expres-  
sions of fear, while from the lips of Mrs  
Hamilton fell words of praise to Him  
who 'holds us in the hollow of his hand.'

The rain ceased; the sun shone again  
as if nothing had happened to screen that  
'resplendant orb' from the gaze of the  
world. Each servant returned to his av-  
ocation, and the 'old woman' alone re-  
mained. She still appeared in deep  
thought, or rather devotion. 'Can it be  
she is a vagrant' who now appears as if  
in prayer to the great Jehovah? I will  
ask her history,' said Mrs Hamilton.—  
The woman said her name was Alice  
Fletcher. Her story was awful:

'I had a mother once of noble birth, in  
Ireland, and who was acquainted with a  
lad designed for 'holy office.' This af-  
fection was mutual, but displeasing to  
their parents, and when 'only sixteen,'  
they eloped, and went directly to the  
presence of the King of England, and  
supplanted him to secrete and favor them,  
which he did, meanwhile educating and  
preparing them for usefulness. When  
they had attained a suitable age, he per-  
formed the marriage ceremony with his  
own lips, and they departed for America.  
In the city of 'brotherly love' my father  
preached during his years of 'active elo-  
quence;' then he removed to this, then  
almost a wilderness, to end his days in  
retirement, I being his 'only child on  
earth.' Yes, there in yonder beautiful  
spot, where now stands the noble edifice  
of Esq. Worthington's, was my father's  
'half cottage' with its 'gable roof,' the  
oldest dwelling in the place; there

'Where fountains sparkling the sunlight threw  
A classic spell around,'



he died, I trust, the death of the righteous, and was received as 'a shock of corn fully ripe,' into an eternal rest.—There my mother and I continued to live happy, until 'a wolf in sheep's clothing' entered and 'destroyed me.' Yes, 'to my shame' I yielded to his fatal proposals, for the love of splendor and riches. Truly hath the apostle said, 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' No sooner had I complied with Mr Philips's wishes, than he departed: he visited me no more; yet, I thought,

'Sure he cannot  
Be, so unmanly as to leave me here.'

I sent for him: he came; but I found

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
She finds too late, that men betray.'

As he would not fulfil his sacred promises, my

'Heart for vengeance sued.'

I made myself a paradigm of Shakspeare's words—

'A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—  
Muddy, ill-seeming, and bereft of beauty.'

I determined that he should not enjoy the house of which he had said I should be mistress. And in those days of superstition, I soon contrived to make the neighboring people imagine

'No man can think to tenant there,  
Unless he serve Saint Kennedie.'

'Twas a splendid mansion, not far from my own home; and at times I feared,

'If ill spirits had so fair a house,  
Good things would seek to dwell in it.'

You see it now, with its broken glass and lattice, hanging clapboards and decayed pillars; there are nettles and thistles in the rose and amaranth beds; now the mullain and scabish blossom where the lilly and the commellina looked up so sweetly.' She sighed, long and deeply.

'What I am, I must now show,' at length she exclaimed. 'To accomplish my designs, I disappeared, leaving appearances of my having been drowned in the 'classic stream,' so near my mother's

abode, and telling her some of my plans, and that I would see her often, secretly, and in disguise purchase provisions when she could not. All search for me was fruitless. My mother mourned—not that I was dead, as the world supposed, but that I had digressed from the paths of virtue, and did not repent, but would be revenged.

'Woman may hear  
Much from man, but cold neglect and scorn  
Tell with a withering power.'

Strengthening power, said I, for

'I have a soul too proud to bend,  
And seek for pity from the idle crowd.'

'I'll shrink  
From human ken;'

there to curse him till he sigh for the sleep and quiet of death.

'Let a viewless one haunt him  
With whispers and jeer,  
And an evil one daunt him  
With phantoms of fear,'

were my strong, heartfelt, passionate sentiments,' said Alice. 'Yes, to his dwelling I repaired; I played soft music on my harp when the winds blew; and at night, I carried lights in all directions, sometimes suddenly extinguishing them, or having placed several 'rows of candles' on the window, lighting them, and placing a pumpkin above them with eyes, nose and mouth cut, and a candle placed in it, which appeared like a 'strange mixture,' a 'demon of light' to the 'village gossippers;' then noises, screams, groans would be heard by the persons who ventured to approach, and if they entered, there was no appearance of an inhabitant. At other times, when I was sitting by the window, rocking my child, and saw any one coming, I would immediately take my chair into a closet, which was not seen by a 'casual observer,' and then would hear whispers: "'Twas the ghost of Alice and her offspring, that Mr Philips murdered.' Sometimes when he, and a few who pretended not to fear ghosts, would 'club together' over 'their cups' and hire the most courageous to

spend a few nights there, that they might ascertain the real cause of fright, and drive them to 'other quarters' as in the 'days of smugglers.' For how could Mr Philips let his property remain uncultivated, unprotected, and be destroyed by 'the ruthless hand of time,' without resistance. One engaged for a large amount: he was 'frightened away,' and would never return. Another some time after said, for that sum

'I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,  
My heart with courage, and my hand with  
weapon,  
Like him who ventures on a lion's den,'

if you, Philips, will share my perils.—  
They came. In my 'hiding place' I heard their purpose. I let them sleep soundly, but took their weapons. Next night again they came; I was prepared to receive them; with my 'leaden glove' I attempted to take the pistols which they had lain 'neath their pillows, and with many groans and sundry mutterings in this language and others, I caused them to flee. The hollow sound of those threats ever were in Philips's ears, and soon

'Fretted his puny spirit to decay.'

Yes, he died, 'long years ago.'

I then began 'to consider on my ways.' My mother was now very feeble; she needed my care; I was with her long nights and days, but I feared being discovered; she forgave me, and prayed that Heaven might grant me pardon and peace in believing that my sins were cleansed 'in the blood of the Lamb.' She sold her house, and gave me what she would not need to reward a person for nursing her the 'remainder of her days.' Her stay was short. She was buried; and at night I visited her 'cold grave.' 'Twas there I first 'kneelt at my Saviour's feet;' there I trust my 'manifold sins' were forgiven; and in that house, that haunted house, have I prayed much, yea, long and fervently. Now it has no owner. I am old: shall survive little longer—ah!

am faint!" Mrs Hamilton rung the bell; the servants raised her; she died, also.

'And thus she fell  
The martyr of her own consuming thoughts.'

Oh, reader, do not for a moment leave the paths of virtue for costly jewels or splendid mansions—'tis the 'high road' to destruction, to ruin, to everlasting death; but 'seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all things shall be added,' for 'wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

ROMANCIA W.

# INVITATION HYMN.

We're travelling home to heaven—Will  
you go? will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love—Will  
you go? will you go?  
Millions have reached that blessed abode,  
Anointed kings and priests to God,  
And millions more are on the road—Will  
you go? will you go?

We're going to walk the plains of light—  
Will you go? &c.  
Where perfect day excludes the night—  
Will you go? &c.  
Our sun will there no more go down  
In that blessed world of great renown,  
Our days of mourning past and gone—Will  
you go? &c.

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb—  
Will you go? &c.  
In rapturous strains to praise his name—  
Will you go? &c.  
The crown of life we there shall wear,  
The conqueror's palms our hands shall  
bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share—  
Will you go? &c.

We're going where tears never flow—Will  
you go? &c.  
And sorrow we no more shall know—Will  
you go? &c.  
'Tis there the saints will die no more,  
But live with Christ in heaven secure,  
Their God and Saviour to adore—Will you  
go? &c.

We're going to join the heavenly choir—  
Will you go? &c.  
To raise our voice and tune the lyre—Will  
you go? &c.  
There saints and angels sweetly sing  
Hosanna to their God and King,  
And make the heavenly arches ring—Will  
you go? &c.

Ye weary, heavy laden, come—Will you go? &c.

In that blessed house there still is room—Will you go? &c.

The Lord is waiting to receive,  
If thou wilt on him now believe,  
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease—  
Come, believe! O believe!

Come, O backslider, come away—Will you go? &c.

Return again to Christ, and say, I will go!  
I will go!

Then he will thy backslidings heal,  
His love again he will reveal,  
And pardon on thy conscience seal—Will you go? &c.

The way to heaven is free for all—Will you go? &c.

For Jew and Gentile—great and small—Will you go? &c.

Make up your mind, give God your heart,  
With every sin and idol part,  
And now for glory make a start—Come away! come away!

The way to heaven is straight and plain—Will you go! &c.

Repent, believe, be born again—Will you go? &c.

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
'Take up thy cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see—Come to me! come to me!'

O could I hear some sinner say—I will go!  
I will go!

I'll start this moment—clear the way—Let me go! let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell;

I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell—Let me go! Fare you well!

*Romance of Real Life.*—Some years ago, the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor wood-cutter residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South seas, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death sole sovereign of his dominions. By an European vessel, which recently touched at the island, the poor wood-cutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value that he will probably be one of the wealthiest private individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse to summon him to her court

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

ELSEY TRELLIS,

OR THE TRIUMPH OF VILLANY.

—  
BY DANIEL WISE.

'Can you forget me? I am not relying  
On plighted vows—alas! I know their worth:  
(Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying)  
(Upon the very breath that gave it birth.)  
But I remember hours of quiet gladness,  
When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,  
When thoughts would sometimes take a tone  
of sadness,  
And then unconsciously grow glad again:  
Can you forget them?'

How sweetly calm is a life in the country! The angry din of business, the unceasing bustle of the city disturb not the mind, in those fair retreats that lie embosomed in the valleys, and that deck the mountain's slope. Quietude and peace—those lovely sisters of the realms above—there seek their abode and establish their reign. Pity the spoiler should be permitted to sow grief and wretchedness amid such hallowed scenes! But reckless of every tie, spell, or influence, he sometimes intrudes his presence, and the peaceful vale, the silent wood and the mountain tall echo the thrilling voices of anguish and despair. The following tale painfully illustrates these remarks.

On the bank of a rapid and turbulent stream—whose everlasting murmurings strangely contrasted with the silence of the neighboring wood—stood a neat, substantial farm-house. It was only one story in height, but occupied a large area on the ground; while its green blinds and a coat of bright red paint declared the inmates to be above the lowest class of farmers. Before the house was a large plat of greensward. At one end, an orchard and a well stocked garden, and, at the other, two barns with several sheds, and a barn-yard well fenced in with solid stone walls, told of the thrift of the owner.

And 'Good John Trellis,' as the neighbors called him, was a thrifty man. By his own unaided efforts, he had procured all his possessions. From a penniless



young man of twenty-one, he had become the wealthy farmer of fifty. One hundred broad acres of field and forest owned his sway; these, with the fair house already described, and a large stock of sheep and cattle, constituted him a man 'well off' in this world. To add to his comfort, he could introduce his friends to an amiable and industrious wife; two fine sons, just merging into manhood; and an interesting daughter of eighteen summers old.

It was the last day of harvest. Grain, corn, potatoes, pumpkins—all had been gathered in. Every spot had been filled with the abundance of a prolific season. The cellar, the garret and even the corners of the kitchen were crammed; while the spacious barns seemed ready to burst with the weight they held. The labors of the busy day over, Good John Trellis, his smiling wife, the pretty Elsey, and the two young Trellises were seated around a large and blazing fire, enjoying the rich feast of labor in repose. Within, every thing was cheerful; but, without, it was cold and stormy. After a severe gust of wind, which had violently shaken the house, had subsided, Mr Trellis remarked:

'This is a stormy night. We have finished harvesting just in time. Now we may sit very quietly and listen to the noisy wind, as every thing is secured, even to the potatoes. We have large crops, too, this season; every thing in abundance. I hope we shall not fail in gratitude to our great Donor.'

'I hope not,' said Mrs Trellis: 'God is good to us, and demands all our affection in return.'

'Good indeed!' responded the pious man. 'He has always been so to me.—What uninterrupted health have I ever enjoyed! What unmingled prosperity! Such blessings as I have, few possess! Plenty of this world's goods, a healthy and happy family around me, and a good

hope, through grace, of Eternal Life!—For these things, what shall we render to our great Benefactor?' and, as he spoke, his large flashing eyes seemed to gleam with the devotion that burned in his heart. Tears succeeded—not the tears of sorrow; but such tears as grateful virtue alone can shed. Yielding to the impulse of his warm heart, he sunk to his knees, saying to his willing family, 'Let us worship God!'

They did worship him. No pompous form or gorgeous language did they offer; but, bent on their knees, they presented the rare, but choice offering of obedient and grateful hearts. Angels smiled upon the scene, and the Omnipotent was pleased.

In innocent and profitable conversation, this happy family consumed the evening, until the hour for retirement arrived. The boys rose to retire. Opening the door, a flash of light dazzled their eyes. Surprised, they exclaimed together, 'What light is that?'

Elsey sprang from her seat, saying, 'Where? where?' The old lady grew a little pale, but was silent. The farmer glanced his eye towards the door, and at once discovered its cause. 'The barn is on fire!' he exclaimed, and rushing from his seat, he seized his hat, and bidding his wife and daughter be composed, he hurried out to the conflagration, while one of his sons ran to rouse the neighbors.

The fire had just broken out, but was too far gone to leave any hope for its extinction with the few means at hand in the country. The most that could be done was, to save as much as possible from the wreck. Aided by the neighbors, who now began to arrive, some of the cattle were got out, and driven off; carriages and farming implements were removed. That done, they could only look on in sadness. Happily the wind blew in a direction opposite to the house, and there was no danger in that quarter.

By midnight, the barns were a heap of ashes, and then, a heavy rain falling helped to extinguish the coals. After seeing two or three volunteers stationed to look after the smoking mass, the afflicted family retired.

The next morning, the family assembled at the breakfast table with cheerful, but chastened looks. Though afflicted, they were not cast down. After some conversation on the probable cause of the fire, they concluded it to be occasioned by some hay that had not been fully cured, but in the hurry of the harvest had been thrown in with the rest. 'And now,' said Mr Trellis, after some remarks on the necessity of care in future, 'as it is no use to cry for spilled milk, we must set about retrieving our loss as soon as possible.'

'Father,' said the eldest son, 'I have made up my mind to go out and teach school this winter. Squire Parker offered me his district the other day. The wages are fifteen dollars a month and board; so by spring I can furnish forty-five dollars towards a new barn.'

'And I,' said the other, 'will go and work in Joe Briggs's saw-mill. He wants a hand, and will give fourteen dollars a month; so I shall have fifty-six dollars towards it in four months.'

With a slight flush on her cheeks, the pretty Elsey remarked, 'And I, father, have determined to go to A—— and work in the mills a few months. Caroline Gilman is there, and earns good wages; and if I cannot get as much as brothers, I can get enough to buy another cow in place of poor Brindle, who was burned last night.'

The hearts of the good farmer and his wife were too full for utterance at these expressions of enterprise on the part of their children: and although they were pained at the idea of being separated from their children for the first time, yet they knew that effort was needed; therefore,

they quietly acquiesced in their plans, and the following Monday was resolved on as the date of their commencement.

Monday arrived. James, the second son, was the first to leave. With a tear struggling in his eye, he shook hands all round, and impressing a brother's kiss on Elsey's lips, departed. George followed; and then came the greatest trial of all. The stage drove up to the door for Elsey. The old lady wiped her eyes with her apron, and with a bursting heart bade her adieu; the old farmer, more composed, but deeply feeling, pressed his beloved child to his heart, and with a voice quivering in every tone, said, 'God bless thee, my child!' and in another minute their choicest treasure was on her way to A——.

We shall now confine the reader more particularly to the fortunes of Elsey, in whose subsequent history the happiness of all the rest of that fair family was inextricably woven; and who was destined to return to her home with far different feelings than those with which she left.

Reaching A——, she sought the only person she knew in the place, Caroline Gilman. Under her patronage she was soon installed in a boarding-house; and at a loom in the mills. Unfortunately for Elsey, this girl was the most unfit person she could have selected for a friend.—She was gay in her manners; rather loose in her principles, and excessively fond of gay company and fashionable pleasures. Alas for poor Elsey! she little knew to whom she surrendered herself when she submitted to her influence.

At first, her gay manner excited some surprise in Elsey; but her friend told her it was their way in that place; that she must get rid of her country soberness, and be merry and cheerful, or she would kill every body by giving them the horrors. Though not convinced; Elsey ceased to complain, and gradually yielded herself to the same trifling and giddy spirit.

Among the male acquaintances of Miss Gilman, and being a flirt she had many, was a young man of gentlemanly appearance and winning manners, who called himself George Stanley French. The simple beauty and lively conversation of Elsey forcibly arrested his attention. His fine appearance and suavity of demeanor had equally taken hold of the unsuspecting heart of Elsey. He began to pay her particular attentions. She received them with kindness, and ere a month had passed, Mr French was the accepted lover of Elsey Trellis. She had yielded this young man her affections, from what she had seen of his person and manners, without once stopping to inquire into his *character* and *standing* in virtuous society. Poor Elsey here committed a fearful error: an error, however, which has been committed a thousand and a thousand times by amiable and virtuous girls, notwithstanding the shores of death are strewn with wrecks of ruined peace and virtuous love.

In the wise sincerity of her heart, Elsey communicated her success in winning such a *beau* to her mother. Her letter was filled with the enthusiasm of a first love; for between her and her mother there had never been any secrets. The reply damped her ardor for a moment.—It breathed caution; it spoke of deception; it whispered of plausible seducers; it concluded with ardent wishes that she would step carefully in her intercourse with her newly-found lover. At first she cried; then grew angry at her mother, and finally showed the letter to her gay friend, Caroline. To a worse adviser she could not have gone. Caroline laughed at the letter; said these cautions were an '*old woman's*' fears, and closed by advising Elsey to make sure of Mr French, by all means, for a husband. To a heart enthusiastically beating with the ardor of a first affection, the reader can judge which advice was most congenial. Like

many others, Elsey rejected the wise counsel of a fond mother who had never deceived her, for that of a silly, witless girl, whose only charm was gaiety and ease.

Mr Trellis also wrote his child a letter of caution. A clergyman, too, who had once known her family, faithfully warned her that there were suspicions abroad respecting Mr French. He was a stranger in the place; and although he had plenty of money, and gave out that he was the son of a wealthy Southron, yet many doubted him, and the clergyman begged her to be on her guard.

But Elsey was bewitched by the power of her affection for Mr F. A wizard influence seemed to surround her, and made her reckless of all advice. The more her passion was opposed by it, the stronger it grew, until she determined to marry him at any risk.

Three months only had passed since she had left her quiet home in the valley, and she was led to the altar, a blushing bride, by Mr George Stanley French.—The first weeks of her married life passed as such weeks always do—in joyousness and peace. Mr French was very attentive and very kind. Elsey in her triumph wrote to her parents, and told them how they and others had been mistaken; how Mr F. had *honorably* married her, and as *honorably* maintained her. She was happy, she said, and believed she had a life of happiness before her. Poor girl! had she never seen a fair morning, beclouded ere noon, and followed by a storm, before the day waned? She was destined to *feel* it; and that intensely.

One morning, some six weeks from the nuptial day, her husband returned very hastily from the post office. His manner was hurried; his features were excited; and he seemed scarcely able to look his lovely wife in the face. Alarmed at his appearance, she ventured to ask in a voice trembling with emotion, 'What is the matter, George?'



This question seemed to call her husband to himself, for he by a strong effort obtained the command of his feelings; and sitting down beside his bride, said, 'I have news which I fear will not be more pleasant to you than it is to me. A letter, which I have just received, informs me that my father is dangerously ill, and my presence at home is demanded instantly;' and he paused, while, watching the workings of her countenance, he listened to her reply.

'Yes, I am indeed sorry to hear of your father's sickness,' said she, with extreme artlessness of manner. 'When will it be necessary for us to leave?'

'Us! my dear. Not us! I must go alone, and must leave in the next stage,' was his cutting answer.

Elsey hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. It was the first shaft which had entered her heart since she became a bride; the wound it made was deep; but partly recovering herself, she said:

'What! part so soon, George! Must you leave me? Oh! why cannot I go with you? I cannot let you go so soon, and so far!'

'Elsey!' replied her husband, 'it is useless to resist. I *must* go, and you *must* stay! I will return in a few weeks, and we will then part no more.'

This reply was spoken somewhat harshly; and while its harshness sunk into her sensitive heart, a vague sense of suspicion stole over her, and with a tremulous voice she replied:

'George, will you show me your father's letter?'

The husband was confounded. He was not prepared for this. Pulling out his watch as in haste, he hurriedly remarked:

'There is no time now. The stage leaves in a few minutes. I must be gone. Here is my address!' and he threw her a card. 'I have arranged for your board until my return; as to money, I need all

I have by me for the expense of travelling, and you will need none for a few weeks! Now don't be sad, but wait patiently until I come back:' and seizing a valise which he had filled that morning for an intended tour with Elsey, he ran out of the house.

Elsey stirred not for many hours. She was thunderstruck! The stroke was cruel, heavy and unexpected; and she wept the day away with bitter, bitter tears. Hope, however, resumed its power, and trying to forget the harshness of her husband, she set herself to counting the hours of his absence, and to expecting his return.

A week passed. The lady with whom she boarded presented her bill as usual. Though surprised, Elsey concealed her feelings and asked if Mr French had not arranged for her board during his absence. She replied he had not. Having a few dollars of her own earnings in her drawer, she paid the bill and dismissed the landlady. But who can describe her feelings when she sat down alone, wringing her hands and giving vent to a flood of tears as she exclaimed, 'Can it be that George is a villain!'

Three weeks had passed, when a letter was brought to her with a southern postmark. It was from her husband; but its contents were far, very far from satisfying. His father, he said, was better, but he himself was sick with a broken leg, occasioned by a fall from a horse. It would detain him many months perhaps; and he closed by coolly advising her to go home to her father's until his return.

Poor Elsey! this was a terrible stroke for her already loaded heart; but the worst was yet to come. With all his show of wealth, Mr French had left the place considerably in debt. Soon after his departure, his principal creditor, already rendered suspicious by his sudden decampment, had written to the place whither he had said he was going; and being interested in the fate of Elsey, he

had inquired in respect to his general character. The same mail that brought Elsey her letter, also brought one for the merchant. It stated that French was a worthless fellow, was in debt to every body, and that he *had a wife and child in the South!* Alas! for Elsey: she had married a *bigamist!*

As droops the flower under the drought of summer, or as fades the rose when the worm feasts on its heart, so drooped the injured Elsey. She returned home. Sad were the spirits of that family when they saw her thin pale face and her swollen eyes. Sorrow had made fearful havoc there in a few weeks: but parents still, they pressed her to their bosom, murmuring a melancholy welcome to their child.

It was a rude day in autumn; dark masses of cloud flitted across the sky; the north wind whistled harshly among the half-bared branches of the trees, and the yellow leaves, careering in the gale, or strewing the hard ground, seemed fit emblems of man—when a procession, with slow and measured tread, entered the village graveyard. Sadly and silently they moved towards an open grave and deposited to its keeping the body of the once happy and pretty Elsey. With manly grief, 'Good John Trellis' stood over the grave and dropped a father's tear upon the coffin lid, while stifled sobs, that shook her whole frame, burst from the lips of Elsey's mother. Standing at the grave's mouth, she looked down; her heart swelled; sweetly sad remembrances of days departed came over her, and she cried in the fulness of her agony, 'Alas! my child! my child!'

Thus perished, untimely, Elsey Trellis! Should the reader ever pass the residence of her parents, he will see a venerable old man, grey haired and sad, who will tell him the story of his child's misfortune, and conclude by wishing she had lived; but, he will say, 'This family is God's garden, and he has a right to pluck

the flower he likes best.' While the mother, sorrowful as death, will frequently be seen at the cottage door as if in expectation of a visitor; but shaking her head, she retires, exclaiming, 'Poor Elsey!'

Does the reader ask, as he reads the preceding narrative, 'Why the virtuous should suffer, and the villain go unpunished?' I reply, **THERE IS A JUDGEMENT!** To the unmarried lady, especially to those who in manufacturing towns are beyond the immediate oversight of parents, my tale presents a useful moral. It bids them beware of forming hasty connexions either with males or females. Above all, it warns them against hasty and ill-advised marriages!

*From Graham's Magazine.*

**ISRAFEL.\***

—  
BY EDGAR A. POE.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
'Whose heart-strings are a lute;'  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
In her highest noon  
The enamored moon  
Blushes with love,  
While, to listen, the red levin  
Pauses in Heaven,  
With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
Which were seven.

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is due unto that lyre  
By which he sits and sings—  
That trembling living lyre  
With those unusual strings.

But the Heavens that angel trod,  
Where deep thoughts are a duty—  
Where Love is a grown God—  
Where Houris glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
Which we worship in the star—  
The more lovely, the more far!

\* And the angel Israfel, or Israfeli, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who is the most musical of all God's creatures.—*Koran*.

Thou art not, therefore, wrong,  
 Israëli, who despisest  
 An unimpassioned song.  
 To thee the laurels belong,  
 Best bard, because the wisest.  
 Merrii live and long !

The ecstasies above  
 With thy burning measures suit—  
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
 With the fervor of thy lute.  
 Well may the stars be mute !

Yes, Heaven is thine ; but this  
 Is a world of sweets and sour—  
 Our flowers are merely—flowers ;  
 And the shadow of thy bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I did dwell  
 Where Israëli  
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing one half so well,  
 One half so passionately,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell  
 From my lyre within the sky !

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

CHARLOTTE CORDAY,  
 THE POLITICAL ENTHUSIAST.

—  
 BY DANIEL WISE.  
 —

'I have heard voices of immortal truth,  
 Blent with the everlasting torrent-sounds  
 That make the deep hills tremble. Shall I  
 quail ?  
 Shall *Arman's* daughter sink ?—No ! He, who  
 there  
 Spoke to my heart in silence and in storm,  
 Will not forsake his child !'

The French revolution ! How glorious and how terrible are those records of France, that relate to this fearfully grand epoch of her history ! *Glorious*, in that they exhibit an oppressed and crushed people rising in revolutionary energy and bravely shaking off the feudal tyranny of ages, in defiance of the power of a rich noblesse, and of the crowned heads of Europe ; *terrible*, as they relate the political ultraism, bloody excesses, ferocious assassinations and barbarous public murders that constituted the 'reign of terror,' into which the revolutionary spirit relapsed. Such a revolution could not fail to develop many varieties and many extremes of human character. Among

those characters, stands the name of Charlotte Corday, whose brief, but remarkable history we propose to lay before our readers.

This enthusiastic young woman was a native of St. Saturnin des Lignerets in France. She was educated in a convent, and very early exhibited strong powers of mind, and an ardent love of study. She united to a person of remarkable beauty, a mind of a strong and masculine order ; her wit was brilliant and keen, and her feelings extremely sensitive : her character was pure and above reproach ; but her mind, ever restless and active, constantly indulged the strongest emotions of political feeling and enthusiasm.

To obtain greater command of her time, she left the residence of her father, while yet a girl, and resided at Caen with a female friend. Here she formed an affectionate intimacy with M. Belzance, a major in the French army ; and in all probability would have married him, but for his untimely death. Marat, the wolf of the revolution, denounced him in his journal, and in 1789, he was barbarously massacred by the creatures of the Jacobins.

The death of her betrothed had a potent influence on the active mind of Charlotte, and justly considering Marat as the cause of his murder, she conceived the most bitter hatred towards that most malicious man. Being deeply interested in the progress of the revolution, that hatred increased with the success of Marat and Robespierre's party, and the decline of the more moderate revolutionists. She had strongly believed and hoped for a republic in which law, justice and purity should prevail, but instead of this, she saw the prevalence of riot, bloodshed and anarchy. This she attributed to the influence of Marat ; and thought, if he could be removed, moderate and rational republicanism might succeed. France, she thought, demanded his death, and she re-



solved to procure it at the expense of her own life.

Procuring letters of introduction, she proceeded to Paris. It was her intention to assassinate her victim in open convention, but his sickness caused her to change her plan. At the Palais Royal she purchased a knife, and driving to Marat's house, demanded a private interview with the terrible man. It was refused. She retired and wrote him a letter 'Citizen,' she wrote, 'I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France.'

She was admitted, and was left alone with her victim. She related what she knew of the deputies at Caen, who opposed Marat and Robespierre. Marat eagerly took notes of her communications, while she intently watched him and coolly decided where and how to strike.—After writing the names of the deputies, he replied with a malicious grin,

'Very good: they shall all go to the guillotine!'

'To the guillotine!' exclaimed she indignantly, and the next moment her knife quivered in his heart!

'Help!' cried Marat, and expired.—His piercing cry aroused his *mistress*, a young woman of twenty-seven, and a servant. They rushed into the apartment and found the fierce revolutionist covered with blood, while his beautiful murderess stood calm and motionless beside him.—Seizing a chair, the man knocked her down with a blow; the young woman trampled upon her; the crowd, hearing the tumult, rushed in, and, but for her firmness, beauty and decision, Charlotte Corday had been torn in pieces on the spot. She was conducted to prison.

The next day, she stood at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, as firm and composed as ever. They accused her, and bro't witnesses to prove her a murderess. She interrupted the witness by crying out:

'It was I who killed Marat!'

'What induced you?'

'His crimes!'

'What crimes?'

'The calamities he has occasioned ever since the revolution!'

'Who instigated you?'

'Myself alone!' said she proudly. 'I had long resolved upon it. I was anxious to give peace to my country.'

She was sentenced to the guillotine. The reading of her sentence excited no visible emotion, and a sweet smile played around her lips as they conducted her back to prison.

Here, she wrote to her father: 'Pardon me,' she wrote, 'my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the services I have rendered my country. For your sake, I wished to remain incognito; but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart.—Never forget the words of Corneille—the crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold.'

The day subsequent to her trial, she underwent the terrible punishment of death. As usual, at executions, the concourse of people was immense. A few of the rabble crowded round the cart and heaped insults and abuse upon her; but the mass of the spectators, touched with her youth, beauty, dignity and magnanimity, applauded her, and rent the air with acclamations. With a smile, she met both the abuse and the plaudits of

the people; and, when she stepped upon the scaffold, her face glowed with delight. In this state of feeling she calmly laid her head under the knife, the axe fell, and Charlotte Corday, the political enthusiast of the revolution, was no more!

That the assassination of Marat was a *crime*, however pure the motive of Miss Corday, none will deny. Her disgust at the atrocity of Marat was just; but her error lay in yielding to the impulses of a vigorous imagination and of strong feeling—an error too common to all her sex. While, therefore, we admire the fortitude and constancy of this young heroine, let us condemn and avoid her error, viz. unqualified submission to *feeling* and *imagination*.

#### MERCY'S FREE.

By faith I view my Saviour dying,  
On the tree, on the tree;  
To every nation he is crying,  
Look on me, look on me.  
He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear—  
Hark! Hark! what precious words I hear,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

#### A FRAGMENT.

'Dear Ellen, let me kiss you once more before we part,' said Edmund Ashton to Ellen Mortimer, as they stood at her father's parlor window.

'Well,' said she, 'I have no objection; perhaps it will be the last.'

'Oh, don't say so; you will break my heart. I hope we shall be happy yet.'

Mrs Mortimer was a widow, and had but two children. Charles, the eldest, was at Harvard University, and Ellen lived at home with her mother. Mr Ashton was a very wealthy man, and had forbidden Edmund to pay his addresses to a poor village girl, as he called her.—Helen Ashton was of the age of Ellen Mortimer. They were both beautiful girls; and had known each other from their childhood. Edmund and Charles were classmates.

'Well,' said Edmund, 'I must bid you farewell for at least six months, and I hope that by that time my father's passion will have a little subsided.'

We will leave the family of Mrs Mortimer, and return to that of Ashton. Af-

ter Edmund had gone to Mrs Mortimer's, Helen approached her father, and threw herself into his arms.

'Oh, my dear father,' said she, 'what have you done? You have indeed turned Edmund out of doors.'

'Well,' said Mr Ashton, 'then he should have obeyed me.'

'But, my dear father, you never saw Ellen Mortimer. If you would but consent to see her, I know you would love her—she is such a pretty girl—such a sweet and amiable disposition.'

'Well,' said he, 'I can't help it; so you must leave me.'

She arose in tears and left him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edmund had been gone about four months, when the family of Mr Ashton were sitting around the parlor fire, and Mr Ashton was reading the newspaper which a servant had just handed him.—He was about to lay it by, when his attention was suddenly arrested by three broad black lines; he looked more closely, and read as follows: 'Died, in Boston, Ms., Mr Edmund Ashton, in the 21st year of his age, formerly of Harrisburgh, Pa.'

Mr Ashton immediately fell into convulsions, calling on the name of Edmund. 'Oh!' said he, 'if I could but bring him back, I would give him one half of my property!' Thus he continued to rave. In the mean time Ellen Mortimer had a letter from Edmund, in which he wrote that he had had his death purposely put in his father's paper. He returned in about two weeks, and repaired to Mrs Mortimer's. After the first salutations were over, and they were seated at the tea table, a servant entered and handed Ellen a note. She read it aloud; it was a note from Mr Ashton, requiring her immediate attendance. Edmund went to his father's; they entered the house where a servant waited for Ellen. She was ushered into an apartment where the family were sitting. Helen introduced her to her father. She and her mother then retired. When Mr Ashton and Ellen were alone, he thus addressed her: 'I have sent for you, my young friend, to ask your pardon before I die. Oh, heavy is the guilt that is now at my heart! If I could but recal six months of my past conduct, how different would be my feelings at this awful moment! If Edmund were but alive, I would give him, with half of my property, to you. You shall never want a father as long as I live.'

Ellen arose and went out of the room, but soon returned leading in Edmund.—His father fainted, but soon recovered, and demanded an explanation. It was soon told; and shortly after they were married, and enjoyed all the happiness in the world. Helen was married soon after to a young merchant, to whom she had long been attached. M\*\*\*\*A.

## VERSES

ADDRESSED BY J. COWLEY TO THE MOST AMIABLE ———.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,  
I bow before thine altar, love,  
I feel thy soft, resistless flame  
Glide swiftly through my vital frame;  
For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
My blood in tides impetuous flows,  
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,  
And floods of transport whelm my soul;  
My faltering tongue attempts in vain,  
In soothing murmurs to complain;  
My tongue some secret magic ties,  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.  
Condemned to muse eternal care,  
And never drop the silent tear;  
Unseen I mourn, unheard I sigh,  
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

*Funny Incident: Reception of Prince de Joinville.*—As the Prince de Joinville was passing up Fifth street from Walnut, in company with Mr Picot, the French consul, on Tuesday afternoon, a large crowd of boys followed them, anxious to catch a glimpse of a *real* Prince, the Police officers, standing at the lock-up house, corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets, seeing a concourse of persons coming up Fifth street, thought it was one of their brother officers bringing up a prisoner from the wharf. 'Clear that passage,' said one of the officers. 'Open one of those cells,' cried another, 'here's Lev Smith with a pickpocket.' Great was their surprise when the crowd came up, to see a fair looking youth, smiling, talking and bowing to a very good humored Frenchman. A loud roar of laughter burst from all present at the disappointment of the officers.—*Phila. Chronicle.*

*A Discovery for Housekeepers.*—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, says that a small quantity of *green sage* placed in the closet will cause *red ants* to disappear. The Worcester *Ægis* adds, 'If this be true, how much ill-temper will be spared to careful housekeepers and nice

young maidens, whose sugar-boxes, bread-boxes, and cake-boxes, made to shut never so tightly, have been found infested with this vermin at the critical moment when their contents were wanted at the table.'

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys on a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy hesitated a little: 'What, sirrah,' said he, 'cannot you tell?' 'Yes, yes,' replied the boy, 'I have it at my fingers' ends.'

## Editorial.

**THE STRENGTH OF FEMALE ATTACHMENT.**—The love of woman is proverbial for its strength, its tenacity, its endurance. Poetry and Fiction have exhausted their resources in describing it. History is full of instances of attachment, the most sublime the human imagination can conceive. One such instance we beg leave to present to our readers.

The revolutionary tribunal of France had nearly reached the pinnacle of its power and fame; and terrible were the deeds of its fury. Instigated by a savage enthusiasm, it hurried scores to the guillotine, and having passed a decree for the arrest of suspected persons, thousands of victims soon filled the prisons. 'At this period,' says Du Broca, 'the gardens of the Luxembourg every day offered a scene as interesting as it is possible to imagine. A multitude of *married women* from the various quarters of Paris, in the hope of seeing their husbands for a moment, at the windows of the prison, to offer or receive from them a look, or gesture, or some other testimony of their affection. No weather banished these women from the gardens—neither the excess of heat or cold, nor tempests of wind or rain. Some appeared to be almost changed into statues; others, worn out with fatigue, have been seen, when their husbands at length appeared to fall senseless to the ground. One would present herself with an infant in her arms, bathing it in tears in her husband's sight; another would disguise herself in the dress of a beggar, and sit the whole day at the



foot of a tree, where she could be seen by her husband. The miseries of these wretched women were greatly enhanced, when a high fence was thrown around the prison, and they were forbidden to remain stationary in any spot. They were seen wandering like shades through the dark and melancholy avenues of the garden, and casting the most anxious looks at the impenetrable walls of the palace.'

**FEMALE OCCUPATION.**—Why is it, that young women manifest such repugnance to domestic and household labor? Why do they crowd to the mills, to the stores for slop work, to shoe dealers for binding? Is it less honorable to engage in domestic labor than in other employ? We think not. The mill operative and the '*help*' both show their honorable dependence upon labor for a living; both gain that living by labor. Where, then, is the difference? Can that young lady tell, who, earning her living by the agency of the spindle, of slop work, or shoe binding, turns up her nose in proud disdain at a hired girl, and says, 'Do you think *I* would live out?' Pshaw! She cannot tell.

**A LETTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE TO HIS WIFE.**—Who would suppose that this great destroyer of nations—this reserved, misanthropic conqueror—could be the subject of those finer feelings of the heart that do honor to the conjugal relation? Yet such would appear to be the fact, if the following letter, written during his first, brilliant campaign in Italy, to his wife Josephine, is good authority. Happy for this elegant woman, and for himself too, had its sentiments always ruled his heart. But here is the letter:

'At length, my adored Josephine, I live again. Death is no longer before me, and glory and honor are still in my breast.—The enemy is beaten at Arcole. To-morrow we will repair the blunders of Vanbois, who abandoned Rivoli. In a week, Mantua will be ours, and then, thy husband will fold thee in his arms, and give thee a thousand proofs of his ardent affec-

tion. I shall proceed to Milan as soon as I can. I am a little fatigued. I have received letters from Eugene and Hortense. I am delighted with the children. I will send you their letters as soon as I am joined by my household, which is now somewhat dispersed. We have made five thousand prisoners, and killed at least six thousand of the enemy. Adieu, my adorable Josephine! Think of me often. When you cease to think of your Achilles—when your heart grows cold towards him—you will be cruel, very unjust. But I am sure you will always continue my faithful mistress, and I shall ever remain your fond lover. Death alone can break the union which sentiment, love and sympathy have formed. Let me have news of your health, A thousand and a thousand kisses.'

**THE MOTHER'S HOPE DESTROYED.**—A mother held her first born in her arms. It was a sweet and beautiful babe. As she gazed upon its budding charms, and gently removed the sweet ringlets that clustered beautifully upon its brow, her maternal heart grew warm: she pressed it with all a mother's love, closer to her breast, and breathed a prayer for its safety. 'May no worm,' said she, and the flame of devotion gleamed from her pale blue eyes as she spoke—'May no worm be buried in this fair rosebud. May no untimely blast tear it from its parent stem! May no rude affliction scatter its opening leaves! Father of mercies, spare my child!'

But the Destroyer—the offspring of Sin—entered the room, and breathed on the unconscious infant! The color fled its cheeks; the light forsook its eyes; the laugh upon its lips died into a sweet, fixed, angelic smile; its limbs struggled, as if in agony, for a moment; and it lay, cold as a statue, in its mother's arms.

This picture is drawn from life, and its unpalatable moral lies on its very surface. It bids us hold the gifts of heaven with a perfect readiness to let them depart at a moment's notice: for thus hastily do our choicest treasures frequently take to themselves wings and fly away